The Exploits of a New Yorker Who Hunted Trouble in Europe

A COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK IN THE EVENING WORLD

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

chart, a young New York needing, inher; is a his ferture to me an encile who has always dericated by the control of the chart of the ch

CHAPTER XI. IAm Forced Into Being a Hero.

New York, if you'll let me," I cried, trying to repair the damage I had done.

"I was jesting when I spoke was received by Mrs. Titus

uncomfortable for you." "I'm not worrying about that."

worry about," she said, seriously. As for her two sons, they made no "Now, here is what I have had in effort to disguise their amazement. mind for a long, long time. Why don't you come with me when I Colingraft Titus, who being in the leave? That will be the safest plan." "You are not in earnest?" "Assuredly. The plan is something

like this: I am to be taken by slow stages, overland, to a small Mediterranean port. One of a half dozen American yachts now cruising the ses will be ready to pick me up. Doesn't it seem simple?"

"It seems simple enough," said I. "But there are a lot of 'ifs' between here and the little port you hope to reach. It will not be an easy matter to manage the successful flight of a I resented the supercilious, lordly party as large as yours will be."

and Mr. Bangs."

of the castle a day or two in advance. the buttery side of his crust. It is all thought out, Mr. Smart."

plans. He had strongly advised part to enter her daughter's hiding- or have an attack of rheumatism. place, but had been overruled. I conceived the notion too that he was a was in the habit of centralizing atvery strong-minded man. What then tention. The usually volatile Countess must have been the strength of Mrs. Titus's resolution to overcome the

die too had thought it all out. Everybody seems to have thought everything out with a single exception—myself. His plan was not a young figure, a good complexion, clear young figure, a good complexion, clear bad one. Mrs. Titus and her sons low voice perfectly modulated. No ware to enter the castle under cover doubt she was nearing fifty, but thir-

rright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Co.) the Counters. She appeared to be as is smart, a young New York needlet, inher; in the Countess. She appeared to be as much surprised as I. They searched for a month," explain a look acting on impulse. Smart he Schime liothhelen, a feedlat carrie on the state of a termine of servants. He fine the state is tocked. The old review of the carrie is looked. The old review of the locked and suppressity descript of the locked and suppressity d did not return for three weeks, if you

remember the time."
"Remember it!" ahe cried bitterly.
"Too well, Conrad." She turned to
me, "We had been married less than two months, Mr. Smart."

I smiled rather grimly. "Count Tarnowsy appears to have had a great run of luck in those days."

A few nights later Mrs. Titus and her sons arrived. In a pouring rain I went to the station for them, waited an interminable time, and—missed them. When I got back to the castle they had gone to bed.

CHAPTER XII. TT I'll come to see you in I Indulge in Plain Language. EXT day I met the new-

in my own study. The Her brow was puckered in thought. Countess came down from her cerie "It has just occurred to me, my dear abode to officiate at the ceremonious friend, that even if I do get safely function-if it may be so styled-and away you will be left here to face I was agreeably surprised to find my the consequences. When it becomes new guest in a most amiable frame known that you sheltered me, the of mind. True, she looked me over authorities may make it extremely with what seemed to me an unnec-"Just the same, it is something to did not hold it against her.

"Oh," she cried, "I shall be quite Jasper, I learned, was enduring a alone, except for Rosemary and Blake protracted leave of absence from "But your mother? You can't leave man and sophomore years already covered a period of sixteen months, You will have to smuggle her out and he had a tutor who appreciated

Mrs. Titus, after thanking me Bangs was a shrewd little English- warmly—and I think sincerely—for all I stayed late with them, discussing in a perfunctory sort of way for havthat I had done for Aline, apologized ing kept me out of my bed all night, against any attempt on Mrs. Titus's and hoped that I wouldn't eatels cold

became subdued and repressed in her presence; the big son and the little



a he said, to take a cold plungs. Moreno over, he wasn't used to taking his tub
of the cold plungs and she wasn't used to taking his tub
of the cold plungs. Moreno over, he wasn't used to taking his tub
of the cold plungs wasn't used to taking his tub
of and totup. (That wash his sarcastic
yay of referring to my portable,
had four the first on was assisting Janper in a wild chase for a bat which
had got into the lad's room during
the made such a row about his tub
...

If Thank your lucky stars it didn't
get into Mother's room, 'he said
surilly. I silently thanked them.
He made such a row about his tub
his was unable to marshal my powers
the hight.

If the made such a row about his tub
his well as the cold in my
deal Mr. Titus, who had coffee
About the bate. He couldn't for the
life of him see why I didn't have
screens in the windows.

Later on Mrs. Titus, who had coffee
about the bate. He couldn't for the
life of him see why I didn't have
screens in the windows.

Later on Mrs. Titus, who had coffee
and toast in her room, joined us in
the loggia and announced that the
loggia and announced that the
loggia and announced that the
offee was stone cold. Moreover, nhe
did not like the guest chamber into
do which she had been moved by order
of the Countess. It was too huge
of the Countess and announced that the
loggia and annou

Smart, I would jeopardize my daughfer a war in the country of th

afraid of?"

"You seem to forget that I am harboring a fugitive from justice," I said ultimatum in respect to her putting flatly. Mrs. Titus gasped. "How dare a foot outside these walls. That still

By George Barr McCutcheon

Author of " GRAUST ARK," Me.

husband and the brother of the wom-an he loves, and quite without the least suspicion of an inherited pug-impression she took her lessons of

that afternoon, ceremoniously delivered by Helene Marie Louise Antoinette. I read as follows:

nette. I read as follows:

You did Colingraft a very good turn when you laid him this morning. He is tiresomely interested in his prowess as a box-maker, or a boxster, or whatever it is in athletic parlance. He has been like a lamb all afternoon and he really can't get over the way you whacked him. (Is whack the word?) At first he was as mum as could be about it, but I think he really felt relieved when I told him I had seen the whole affair from a window in my hall. You see it gave him a chance to explain how you got in the whack, and I have been obliged to listen to intermittent lectures on the manly art of self-defense all afternoon, first from him, then from Jappy.

afternoon, first from him, then from Jappy.

I have a headache, and no means of defense. He admits that he deserved it, but I am not surprised. Colly is a sporting chap. He hasn't a mean drop of blood in his body. You have made a friend of him. So please don't feel that I hold a srudge against you for what you did. The funny part of it all is that mammin quite agrees with him. She says he deserved it! Mamma is wonderful, really, when it comes to a pinch. She has given up all thought of "putting a foot outside the castle."

Can you have luncheon with us

of "putting a foot outside the castle."

Can you have luncheon with us to-morrow? Would it be too much trouble if we were to have it in the loggis? I am just mad to get out of doors if only for an hour or two in that walled-in spot. Mr. Poopendyke has been perfectly lovely. He came up this morning to tell me that you haven't sneezed at all and there isn't the remotest chance now that you will have a cold. It seems he was afraid you might. You must have a very rugged constitution. Britton told Biske that most men would have died from exposure if they had been put in your place. How good you are to me.

P. S.—I may come down to see you this evening.

I shall skip over the rather unin-The stands of the stands of th teresting events of the next two or three days. Nothing of consequence happened, unless you are willing to consider important two perfectly blissful nights of sleep

least suspicion of an inherited pug-nacity.

I had a little note from the Countors that afternoon, ceremoniously deliv-ered by Helene Marie Louise Antoi-nette. I read as follows:

"Granted. But Tarnowsy was us-fit. Why tar all of them with the same stick? There are good noble-men, you'll admit."

"Nut the demicr."

men, you'll admit."

"But they don't need rehabilitation."

"Aline, I fear, will never risk another experiment. It's rather calamitous, isn't it? When one stope to consider her youth, beauty and all the happiness there may be"—

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Titus, but I think your fears are groundless."

"What do you mean?"

"The Countese will marry again. I am not betraying a secret, because she has intimated as much to my secretary as well as to me. I take fit that as soon as this unhappy allow it settled, she will be free to reveal the true state of her feelings toward"—— I stopped, somewhat the mayed by my garrulous turn.

"Toward whom?" she fairs.

"Toward whom?" she faired snapped.
"I don't know," I replied, truthfully—and I fear, lugubriously.
"Good heaven!" she cried, starting up from the bench on which we was sitting in the loggis. There was a queer expression in her eyes, "heart —heart she ever kinted at—heart she mentioned any one at all."
"Not at all."
Mrs. Titus was agitated, I could see that very pisinly. A thousand street that very pisinly. A thousand street here was appeared on her smooth bree.

her eyes. portunity to"

She did not complete the sentence, in which there was a primary note of perplexity and wonder.

It grilled me to discover that the did not even so much as take, me into consideration.

"You mean since the or divocer that the sentence of th

"You mean since the el-anordinal inquired.

"She has been in sectusion all of the time. She has seen no manth that is to say, no man for whom the could possibly entertain a — he, of course, you are mistaken in former in the solutely nothing in what you say."

"A former sweetheart, antections